

Work and Play in the Household

EDITED BY
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BEAUTY IN CHILDREN LARGELY A MATTER OF HEALTH.

Most beauty remedies are decidedly out of the question so far as children are concerned. But anything that causes the child to be healthy and strong is the duty of the mother to do. And as beauty in children is largely dependent on health and strength, the mother who looks after her child's health looks after his beauty, also.

To begin with, look to the condition of the child's sleeping room.

To begin with, consider the bedroom in which your little daughter sleeps. Are the walls well-ventilated at night, with an ever-changing current of fresh, pure air passing from open window to open window, or from window to door? Are they in the winter hermetically and most foolishly sealed, lest the darling, whose looks mean so much, catch cold? Are they at all times kept as sweet and clean as soap and water can keep them and without stuffy hangings? Or are they dusty in corners, without heating sunshine, and choked at every point with musty hangings and gimcracks?

If there is no proper, even lavish ventilation, the child's complexion is likely to be bad. Close and still air involves the receptance of the poisonous emanations thrown off by the lungs and body, and pallid or sallow complexions, hollow eyes, the morning headache and skin eruptions ensue as a result. The blood vitiated by bad air causes torpidity of all the organs and the excretory functions, clogged by the vast amount of work thrown upon them, fail to do half their duty.

As to the bedroom hung with stuffs which cannot be washed—which are allowed to hold stale odors and dust for seasons without changing, and which are cluttered to the ceiling, besides, with useless, germ-harboring ornaments—to say the least, it may be regarded as a veritable disease trap and beauty-destroyer.

"My own plan is to have my child's bed chamber all but bare," says a mother of a beautiful child. "The walls are painted, not papered; the floor is uncarpeted; and in this room where she spends so many hours of her present day existence, I have placed little more than a small iron bed, a washstand, a simple enameled dressing stand and rocking chair that may be washed off every week, and a crockery jug for an occasional pony. Books and such things have no place in a sleeping room any more than quantities of exposed clothing, for all such things are excellent harbors for germs and dust. And winter or summer the two windows of the room are left open for the refreshing and beautifying current of fresh air."

Proper food is a decided factor in all good looks, and upon what a child's character itself may almost depend. Up to the age of seven a child's food should be chiefly milk, bread and butter, fresh fruits, light broths, soft boiled eggs, simple sweets and plainly cooked vegetables. When the child is ten or twelve, superior reaches the age that longs for pickles, pork and other tempting indiscretions—the lighter meats should be chosen in preference to the heavier ones, and a fruit or vegetable salad should be served now and then. Food too heavy for a child's delicate digestion is a manifold danger, for not only are complexions ruined thereby, but the temper and the growth stunted, and the health of the stomach forever endangered.

Regularity of meals also contributes largely toward the improved health and looks of children. In fact, dinner and supper should be served every day punctually at the same hour.

In these things—clean, sparsely furnished and well-aired bedrooms, and simple and regular food—the chief requisites for good beauty. The others consist in the daily tepid bath, in cleansing shampoos for little heads and in teaching a child how to stand and breathe properly, concerning the matter of breathing, let us return for a moment to the badly ventilated bedroom, stuffed with unhealthy superfluities. Nowadays doctors claim that it is one of the causes of adenoids

—that suffocating false growth back of the nose; so if your small daughter or son sleeps with the mouth open and breathes in a choking way consult a doctor at once.

In the event of any of the serious throat illness to which children are subject, the presence of adenoids imperils the chance of recovery. A child in this condition will also be apt to keep the mouth open at all times and talk, as the saying is, through the nose. And a mouth constantly kept open is not a beautifying possession.

So much for the beauty that depends on health. There are certain little details of a child's appearance that can be improved by various superficial means quite permissible.

The busy mother is very apt to let her children go their happy, care-free way if they are healthy and reasonably clean. Tommy is taught to scrub his hands before coming to the table, and Bessie to do her hair after it. If Tommy's hands are chapped and Bessie has a succession of cold sores or chapped lips, mother is very apt to say that is the way with children.

But oh, when an invitation to a party comes and Tommy's hands look like little scarlet nutmeg graters, and mother thinks that he has bitten his nails to the quick, how these defects do show up in connection with the best suit, particularly if it happens to be black velvet. And no amount of ruffled lace or delicate ribbons will hide the fact that Bessie has an extremely coarse complexion and bleeding lips.

First as to those chapped hands and broken nails. Find a pair of old gloves several sizes too large for the child to wear at night, and when you tell her of the purpose for which they are to be used, explain how great quantities and beauties of history used just such gloves. Appeal to the child's imagination and love of romance. Don't tell a child she must wear these gloves because she has been a naughty, naughty girl. Try the influence of the word "good" instead of "bad," of "do" instead of "don't."

The little youngsters who will take off their mittens and come in with chapped hands, the following pomade is very healing: Cocoa butter, 1 ounce; oil of sweet almonds, 1 ounce; oil of zinc, 1 drop; borax, 1/2 dram; oil of lemon, 1 drop. You should beat the cocoa butter and the almond oil in a double boiler until well blended, then add the zinc and borax, stir them together until quite cool, and add the bergamot oil last. Rub this on the hands at night before slipping on the old gloves.

Watch the finger nails of the youngsters. If they bite them, put a little arnica or some harmless bitter lotion on their finger tips. The very painful hangnail is prevalent among children. These should be cut by the mother with a very sharp nail scissors, then rubbed with vaseline or some healing pomade. Look well to the teeth of the little ones. I do not know why it is, but almost without exception small children dislike to have their teeth cleaned. Charcoal and tincture of myrrh are very beneficial to the teeth of the young, and both are easily procured at even a small drug store.

With children's hair, as with that of their parents, shampooing at frequent intervals is a necessity, yet this is something which many mothers are prone to neglect. Perhaps the most nourishing and safest shampoo for children is made as follows: Melt a cake of pure castile soap in a quart of boiling water. This can be bottled and kept for months at a time. Wet the hair first with warm water, then take about two tablespoons of this soft soap and rub it thoroughly into the scalp with a small brush. Massage it well into the scalp and through the hair with the tips of your fingers. Rinse in several waters that are quite warm and finally in one cold water, which will prevent the child from catching cold. Dry it in the sunshine. The child's hair should be shampooed in this way at least once a month.

WHAT HER HAIR TELLS

Beware the secrets which the very hair of your head can tell. There is a hair-dresser who says that hair is the best index to a woman's character.

"I can tell your fortune from your combings," she says, and to prove her statement she runs her fingers over the hair in the comb which she has just dressed your locks and forthwith reads your character.

Perhaps you object that she is judging you from what she sees, from the combing you have had with her, from the dozen and one little indexes to character which you, like any other woman, show in a few minutes' conversation. "No," she says to these objections, "she judges you from the message which a woman's hair has to tell. We can read the character just as well if we do not know the name of the woman from whom the hair comes. Come into the next room and I will show you."

In these several experts are at work making transformations and puffs and switches from combings and the hair comes in with a bag of tangled hair. These combings are to be made into three puffs," he says, and gives detailed directions as to the style and size.

"The women fall to work at the hair, questioning, combing, and cleaning it, dressing it with brilliantine and mounting it in the approved fashion as they work they analyze its unknown owner."

"I can see," says one, as she handles the colorful brown hair, "that she can take care of herself; that she knows how and likes it. See how the hair springs, what vitality there is in it."

"Yes," adds another, "and she is the kind of woman who dresses well, who wears her clothes with an air and always looks prosperous. She is full of self-possession; sure of herself always."

"And for that reason," adds your guide, "forgetful of your presence, as she picks up a strand of hair, 'she is charming and agreeable. She is not one to find fault, to fuss, to be needless. She has the pleasant manner which only polite and self-possession give."

Surely, since every woman's combings hold the whole secret of her personality, she will hereafter look carefully to their fate. Suppose they should, by hook or crook, reach the hands of the hairdresser of a rival in society, club life, or business. What secrets might they not tell!

Perhaps Mother Goose was personally acquainted with the curl of the little girl who was very, very good when she wasn't.

PINK CREPE LINGERIE.

Crepe de chine underwear is practical as well as pretty, for a good quality of crepe de chine undergarments will save you. There is a growing use of this sort of underwear. It is sold now in pink, blue and white. It is all trimmed with lace, some of it elaborately.

Crepe de chine petticoats are ideal because of their light weight and clinging softness. They are generally finished at the bottom with a pleated flounce of wide lace. Some of them show an insertion of lace five or six inches wide and a hem of the crepe below the insertion. The more elaborate petticoats are trimmed with ribbon and chiffon rosettes and tiny artificial flowers.

Some of the combinations and chemises of crepe de chine are simply made, and these are especially serviceable. For the woman who is traveling they are a boon indeed, for they can be worn without ironing. Hung up damp, their own weight smooths them from wrinkles.

FOR HOT DISHES.

Silver plated meat and vegetable stands are sold in the form of silver trays, with simple beaded edges, which have flat wooden plaques sunk in the middle. Hot dishes placed on these silver trays are rendered harmless even on the most sensitive, polished table, for the wood is nonconductive to heat. The trays are round or oval to accommodate hot plates, platters or vegetable dishes of any size or shape. They are priced from \$1.50 up.

LIP SALVE STICKS.

Not many persons who know about the little red lip salve sticks know that white salve sticks are also sold. They cost 15 or 20 cents each. Besides being useful to protect the lips against chapping winds, they brighten the color of the lips in a perfectly harmless way by moistening them and bringing out the natural red.

FOR THE CHILDREN.



market, to market, to buy a fat pig.
One not too little, nor yet one too big;
The eggs for my breakfast are laid by a hen,
And now I'll have bacon, fresh brought from the pen.

Fine two butchers. (1) Along upper edge of cap; (2) upper left corner, down along edge of trousers.

Bank Accounts and the Self-Supporting Woman

The American girl who makes her own living is not, as a rule, as thrifty as she is capable. She earns money, but she does not save it. She spends as she goes, and often foolishly. To every working woman who has a bank account of her own making you may count a hundred whose available finances will barely cover the expense of car fares and lunches until another pay day.

It does not require an abnormally keen intelligence to perceive that this is essentially unsafe and unwise. Every girl who is self-dependent should have the satisfaction of knowing that, laid safely aside for the inevitable rainy day, is the wealth which will weather the storm and keep warm and comfortable through the winter.

It may be perfectly true that the salary she earns is but a small one—too small, indeed, to admit of any great amount being deducted from it to form a nest egg; nevertheless, the day when she makes a point of systematically putting away a portion of it, the time is fatally sure to come when she will find herself in several waters that are quite warm and finally in one cold water, which will prevent the child from catching cold. Dry it in the sunshine. The child's hair should be shampooed in this way at least once a month.

As the quaint Scotch proverb has it: "Many a muckle makes a muckle, and the odd pennies and nickels and dimes, piled carefully away mount with astonishing rapidity into the dignified region of dollars."

The love of money may be the root of all evil, but the possession of money is also the source of great good. Without it there is no such thing as personal independence, for in these days lack of financial resources spells slavery. With money one is hampered at every turn in the road of life, and although one may struggle on by sheer force of will so long as health and strength remain, there comes a time when the day when sickness may come and find one utterly unable to meet the hundred and one expenses that invariably come with it.

Then, too, money is so essential to happiness nowadays that the working woman who simply lives from week to week, using up all of her salary as it comes, really has not learned to live at all. She is in a constant state of financial peril, and the fact that half the world is gravely improvident is no logical argument for improvidence in the individual.

There is only one way to accomplish anything in the direction of saving money—that is, to have a definite object in view to begin with, and then to make it an inflexible rule to put by a certain sum each week toward that object.

The French working woman, who regards matrimony as the be-all and end-all of feminine existence, saves religiously for her dowry. Knowing that she can not secure a husband without one, she saves for it. It is the formation of the habit that counts rather than the incentive.

The amount saved should be fairly proportioned to the individual earnings and expenses. The woman who earns \$25 a week might be able to lay aside \$5 of that sum, even though she have to contribute her share to the family exchequer; and she will do wisely to put it straight out of her pay envelope into a savings bank, where it will not only be safe, but earning interest for itself beside.

The average working girl, however, does not earn anything approaching this comfortable salary. In fact, the weekly wage of the great majority of feminine toilers does not exceed \$5, and out of this sum it is clearly impossible for the self-supporting girl to put by any considerable amount.

However, by dint of practicing small economies and refraining from small extravagances, she should be able to save anyway 25 cents a week, putting it regularly into a small lockup bank, and

never—oh, never—upon any pretext whatsoever, borrowing any part of it. The sum is not large in itself, but if the system be faithfully followed up the little bank will, at the end of five months, contain \$1.25—enough to start a real bank account. From that time on the task becomes easier because, in addition to the quarter being put weekly into the little home bank, the next egg in the public bank is steadily growing larger, without any effort on the part of its owner.

Computing the interest at 4 per cent, which is the rate paid by most savings banks, the girl with the bank account gets 20 cents a year interest for every \$5 credited in her bankbook; and at 25 cents a week she saves exactly \$12 a year.

One should not, however, try to save the expense of comfort and health. There is no common sense in saying that the girl who is self-dependent should have the satisfaction of knowing that, laid safely aside for the inevitable rainy day, is the wealth which will weather the storm and keep warm and comfortable through the winter.

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Two girls were out walking when one stopped to buy a few roses for which she paid quite half of her week's allowance of pocket money.

"They are for mummy," she explained. "She is so darling and patient with me I love to remember the pretty side of her needs."

The second girl was silent. She had never thought of the pretty side of a mother's needs—in fact, up to that moment she did not know there were any. Yet the next time a little money came her way she put part of it in a bouquet, too, and you should have seen the mother's eyes shine when she received it!

That is what every girl needs, an eye-opener, if she has not thought of her mother's own liking for joyous things; somebody ought to give her the tip as to the small and gracious services that help to make a mother's life happier, while broadening the girl at the same time.

The thing is more easily done by a youthful companion than by an older person, for youth likes to shine with its equals and is always imitative whereas the adult suggestion might be received snippily, or fall like water on a duck's back. So if you happen to be a nice girl in the way of giving mother the pretty attentions she needs and wants, open the eyes of the neglected girl with a stout proof or with the pretty example of your consideration for your own mother.

If you are the neglectful girl herself remember this: Hearts never grow old, and so the mother who pleads around the house doing so many things for your comfort is just as much in need of prettiness as you are. Besides, a mother wants most of all to feel that the child cares—she cannot think of the ornamental side of her daily existence. So give the mother a little pony occasionally, a little box of nice candy, save up and buy her something she would never buy herself, because she has to think so much of the value of money, and scrip

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worry one is practically certain to select something entirely different from the thing wanted. It is better to spend part of a holiday shopping than to saddle one with an impossible gown or a badly made, ill fitting pair of shoes.

Caring properly for one's clothes makes an appreciable addition to their term of usefulness. It really does not take long to brush them when they are taken off, to put waist, skirt and coat on separate hangers and hang them in the closet or wardrobe; to put one's hat in the box, to fold the veil neatly, and to air the gloves, putting them into shape and laying them full length in the drawer.

A girl is tired after a day's work, of course; but when you reflect how much fresher and smarter the clothes will look when they are put on again in the morning, and how much longer they will remain presentably wearable, the little extra fatigue that the task involves will not seem worth considering.

It is a good plan to rest one's clothes. One day's airing and one day's wearing ought to be the invariable rule with gowns, corsets and shoes. The latter articles can be made to retain their good looks much longer than they usually do if smoothed into shape when taken off, rested every other day on trees, cleaned regularly with some emollient polish—not the customary dressing which cracks them irreparably—and sent to the shoe-maker for treatment whenever the heels begin to show signs of wear.

Avoiding little extravagances means much the girl who so wisely saves. Candy, soda and ice cream are among the things she can and must dispense with unless somebody else is generous enough to treat her.

Perfumes are an expensive luxury and make lavish use of them is not good form. Bargain sales and the department store trunk counters are sworn enemies to bank accounts.

On the other hand, fresh-air excursions, a good magazine and an occasional concert and theater party come under the head of necessities. To deny oneself anything is to sap life out of all its joys and make it not worth living.

The girl whose inborn propensity for buying things she does not need leaves her without funds for those she does need should invest in a 5-cent account book. It will help her to keep track of her expenditures and, if faithfully kept, will teach her to avoid frittering money away on foolish trifles. It will remind her of her financial indiscretions like an accusing conscience—and shame her into doing better.

SOME OMELET RULES

Omelets are difficult to make properly, and only practice gives a cook the knack of turning a perfect one. The French cooks use no liquid in it and beat the eggs only enough to break the yolks; on this side of the Atlantic the custom is to add water or milk, and many American cooks beat the whites to a stiff froth and the yolks to a foamy cream and mix them together with a knife, just enough to blend them.

Some cooks insist that water is better than milk; some insist that water toughens the omelet and others insist that milk makes it heavy. So the only way to learn to make an omelet that is light, of firm texture, substantial and yet in no way suggestive of leather is to try recipe after recipe and method after method until perfection is attained.

It is easier to make several small omelets than one large one. It is difficult to handle a large one and its edges usually burn before the middle part is done.

Experience alone tells the cook when to turn an omelet. If turned too soon it falls from its own weight. Some cooks find it easier to slip it in the oven as soon as it is set around the edges—pan all—until it puffs. Then they turn

and save to give you the very cash you are spending so generously on yourself.

How many girls need the eye-opener where the mother's happiness is involved? Here are a few of those who commit the greatest sins against her peace of mind. The girl who is dissatisfied with her lot; the girl who nags brothers and sisters; the girl who is wasteful during the little housekeeping she consents to do; the girl who hurts her health with indiscretions of all sorts; the fast girl; the insolent girl; the slovenly girl; the extravagant girl; the girl who wants to go on the stage when she hasn't as much talent as a grasshopper, and so on and so on.

Her name is legion and we have all seen her. This maid, more often pretty than plain, who has good manners sometimes, and a sense of justice for everybody on earth but the mother who bore her. For even if she is not actively unkind, she is so negatively neglectful, so uninterested with that most precious of all things—a mother's happiness, or because it is a good deal of the mother's fault—she should have placed herself first when bringing up her children. She should have commanded the attention, big and little, obedience, reverence. But even if she has been foolish, this darling mother, whose passing brings such grief, such a memory of one's own unfulfilled duties, there is a tide in the life of girls. The moment they have passed the foolish stage, the stage for eating and sleeping and studying, they should take to examining their consciences more frequently, to acquiring the art of making the home more beautiful by their consideration for their mother.

Let us consider for a moment the homely things of domestic life, the marketing, the serving of meals, the tidiness of bedrooms, punctuality at table, etc. The girl who makes an earnest effort to know something about housekeeping is always a comfort and stay to the mother, who, with the able general to take her place, now gets a chance to have a few little outings of her own. She knows that Jennie will not order the small leftover of a meal to be thrown away because there is not enough of each thing to make a new dish. She is perfectly sure the sensible lassie will put them in the closet for soups, broths, ragouts, thus saving the expense of one or more dishes at least. If bedrooms are to be cleaned, there is no possibility of the zealous daughter leaving the best hats and coats hanging around the room, with dust, she knows the cost of cleaning materials, so wastes nothing. If by accident the mother meets an old school friend in the street and wants to ask her home to luncheon, she is absolutely sure that her assistant will be ready with everything if she gives her half an hour's notice over the telephone. If the mother herself cooks a meal, she is not put to the extra fatigue of having to set

the table and serve it, for her excellent assistant attends to all that must be done.

What a comfort it is for mothers to have such daughters, for nowhere is consideration more needed than in housekeeping, and the brunt of this important service falls to the mother, if she does not carry the whole load. So don't forget the pointer, please. When mother is well, knowing how to take her place when necessary at home is comfort to her heart, and if she falls sick and everything goes on in the regular way, every service is more precious to her than jewels.

In the little graces that develop and round the mother to social perfection, the busy mother who has reared a big family, and on small means at that, must necessarily be a little lacking at times. But it is not the place of the daughter to tell her where she lacks. She must give mother the time to grow into these ways with her by word and deed. She must make other people respect the mother by showing how much she herself reverences and loves her.

But it is impossible to give examples of all the things required for the mother's life to be without the latter drop the inconsiderate daughter is bound to disfigure. Nevertheless, if the girl has no great faults of character, these may be the worst trifles, and our word-thoughtlessness may cover them. So why not keep a little notebook on ways to make mother's life more bearable in the little things?

But putting down these few words in the book of the heart would be better still, especially if they are read and digested every night to see if they have had meaning during the day.

Respect. Obedience. Tenderness.

Only three little words, three staunch resolutions to keep watch and ward upon the heart and the great thing is assured—the mother's happiness!

Ah, if only the misbehaving girls could remember the shortness of life when they are actively or inactively cruel to the mother! There can be only one mother and when she is gone nobody else is patient with your moods and tempers. The world boxes your ears and puts you in the corner when you misbehave; the governor of the home only cries or looks at you with wistful silence when you are too big to get the fine spanking that would put you straight.

So begin the new life today with the last word of my list, tenderness.

Buy the flower, give the dear kiss, the word of sweet praise that shows you remember the pretty side of your mother's needs.

Let her see that you know she is darling and patient with you. Open your eyes, if they need opening to her great love, and then give the tip to the other girls.



A PLEA TO THE WOMAN WHO KNITS

What are you going to do with your knitting needles when the war is over? Are you going to let them rust? Or are you going to work them busily and accomplish a work even more humane in its effects than the work you have been helping along with your donations of mufflers, socks, sleeping caps and wristlets for the suffering millions of Europe?

There is a way to help thousands and thousands of needy ones right here in America, and the woman who has found that she can turn her spare moments into warm garments ought to give heed to the call that these thousands make. They are the men and women and children in our great hospitals—an everlasting, ever-increasing throng. They are our own brothers and sisters and children, for they live in our midst, and if

they suffer the whole community of which they are a part suffers.

The authorities who direct these hospitals—these hospitals that stand ready to care for us and keep us when we too, are suffering and weak—have need for warm garments of various sorts, especially in their convalescent outdoor wards. There are many of these outdoor convalescent wards throughout the country. And if you are willing to help this work, go to some hospital and find out just what is wanted. If one hospital does not seem interested in the thought of your small offering, do not be discouraged. Go to another. Somebody will desire and appreciate the work you can do with your fingers—work that may result in warmth and strength and returned health to some one who is ill and in need.

